

Arlington Advocate.

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No. 3

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS

IN ARLINGTON.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc. to which an admission fee is charged or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

Regular meeting of Rebekah Lodge Monday evening next.

Get your supper next Wednesday and Thursday at the Universalist fair.

Have you bought a ticket for the Veteran Firemen's Ball? It will occur in Town Hall, this evening.

Dr. Watson was complimented by another large audience at the evening service at the Baptist church, last Sunday evening.

To-day the Building Fund Association is holding its annual meeting, to be followed by a dinner and the usual matinee whist party, all of which occurs in G. A. R. Hall.

Mr. Everett Bennett, who has been a guest of his cousin, Mrs. James A. Marden, for two or three weeks past, returned to his home at Canning, Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, this week.

Services as usual at the Universalist church on Sunday. For the evening the young people will have an evening with Whittier. A sketch of Whittier's life will be read, also quotations from his poems, and some of his hymns will be sung.

The subject of Dr. Watson, at the people's service at the Baptist church on Sunday evening, will be, "A working theory of Religion." Everybody is welcome. Rev. Dr. F. S. Barbour, of Boston, preaches in the morning. He is one of the choicest of men, and preachers, in the denomination.

The novel fair, the first one of its kind to be held in the country, comes off in the Town Hall this next week. It will be called the Greater American Fair. The decorations will be patriotic, and the booths will represent a country store, gypsy camp, Alaskan scene, Filipino shack, etc., etc. It must be seen to be appreciated. Supper each evening.

The January meeting of the Unitarian Club is being held in the church parlor of Unitarian church, this evening, at 6.30 o'clock. Supper is served, as usual, prior to the literary exercises. The speaker of the evening is the Rev. W. L. Lawrence, of Winchester, for three years a resident of Japan, who will talk on his experiences and observations while sojourning there.

During the past week Mr. Franklin Russell has seen little of his home, even being forced to miss the annual Boat Club show, in which, in years past, he has been an important factor. The Boston Bank Clerks' Association has been presenting a theatrical season, "A Prince of Bohemia," and in staging the same Mr. Russell has had an important part. The affair will add some thousands to the association's benefit fund.

Prominent on one of the 16 pages to which the Cambridge Chronicle has grown under the management of Mr. Seagraves, we find the following pleasant words regarding ourselves, for which we offer acknowledgment:—

"THE ARLINGTON ADVOCATE is showing marked enterprise in the issuing of two illustrated holiday supplements. We also notice a general improvement in the ADVOCATE and a corresponding increase in advertising patronage. The ADVOCATE has just entered upon its twentieth volume, after having passed the most prosperous year in its history."

The Willing Workers, a lively organization of young ladies connected with the Universalist church, held its annual meeting at the home of Mrs. Flister, on Gray street, Wednesday afternoon. The annual reports of the officers were read and accepted and these officers elected for this year: President, Miss Amy Whinn; vice-president, Marion Brooks; secretary, Marion Smith; treas., Louise Twisden. A simple lunch was served. The rest of the afternoon was taken up in working for the coming fair.

The annual election of officers of First National Bank of Arlington was held in the banking room last Tuesday afternoon, and the board of control for the past few years was continued in office by a unanimous vote. The list is as follows:—

President.—E. Nelson Blake.
Vice-President.—Alfred D. Holt.
Cashier.—William D. Higgins.
Directors.—E. Nelson Blake, A. D. Holt, Edward S. Fessenden, Sylvester C. Frost, Edwin S. Spaulding, Henry Hornblower, W. D. Higgins, Theodore Schwamb, Franklin Wyman.

This bank is one of the most successful of the suburban financial institutions, and we desire to again express our appreciation of the sacrifices in its behalf on the part of some of its managers that first added this useful branch to Arlington's business interests and then erected the strong structure, on a firm and broad foundation, that stands as a credit to all to-day.

The officers of Veritas Lodge were installed on Monday evening, in Grand Army Hall, Rt. Deputy Slater Holmes, of Hyde Park, and Rt. Worthy Conductor Slater Mitchell, of Boston, conducting the same. Following the ceremony there was served a collation of sandwiches, ice cream, cake, etc., and a pleasant feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mrs. Geo. H. Thayer, the retiring head officer, of a handsome bouquet of pinks, the presentation and acceptance being happy and graceful in expression. The following were the officers installed: W. N. L., Miss Louise Record; Past Lady, Mrs. G. H. Thayer; vice-lady, Slater Fish; chaplain, Slater Ericson; sec., Slater Ludwig; rec. sec., Slater Ham; treas., Slater J. H. Frizelle; reporter, Slater Ward; guard, Slater Colburn; Rt. W., Slater Boyd; Lt. W., Slater Blakeslee; conductor, Slater Preble; Rt. asst., Slater N. M. Farmer; Lt. asst., Slater Willard; Sr. rept., Slater Ober; Jr. rept.,

Sister G. A. Stearns; trustees, Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. Ober, Mrs. Fleming.

Universalist Fair next Wednesday and Thursday, afternoon and evening.

A jet black cat, wearing a narrow collar, has strayed or been stolen from 21 Russell terrace and we desire it returned.

On Monday Harry Marden graduated from the Bryant & Stratton Business College with honor, taking good rank in his class.

The teachers of the public schools take to-day for visiting out-of-town schools, so there will be no school for the young people.

Colonial Supper next Thursday evening, in vestry of Pleasant street church. The room is to be furnished with yeldden bits of household goods.

Mrs. Geo. W. Knowlton passed through a successful operation for appendicitis at her home on Whittemore street, Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Deane being the local physician in charge. Mrs. Knowlton has been a sufferer from this dreaded trouble for a long time and friends now hope for her ultimate and full recovery.

A rehearsal of the chorus which is to sing after the Colonial supper, next Thursday evening, at the Congregational church, will be held in the vestry, tomorrow evening (Saturday), at 7.30 o'clock. All those desiring to sing old-fashioned songs will be cordially welcomed. Please bring a "Father Kemp" book if you have one.

The Dubuque Lumber Co.'s mill, destroyed by fire on Jan. 5th, entailed a loss to our townsman, Mr. Geo. D. Moore, who owned a two-thirds interest in the same. The mill was not insured and was an entire loss. The mill employed two hundred and twenty-five hands when running, and has paid out large sums for labor and material in the city of Dubuque.

Officers Smith and Irwin arrested Thomas Gaulty for an alleged theft of tools from the head house on the Wm. H. Allen farm, off Mass. avenue, on Wednesday of this week. The man was in court the same day and pleaded guilty to the charge brought, but asked for the continuance of the case to Jan. 16. The man has a wife and two children in destitute circumstances.

The Foreign Missionary Society of the Cong. church held its monthly meeting in vestry of Pleasant street church, Monday afternoon, Mrs. A. C. Cobb having charge of the program. Information was given in relation to hospital work in India, to which the society has contributed some thirty dollars, and which Dr. Bissell, now in this country, is trying to raise ten thousand dollars toward instituting the same. The New Year offering amounted to about twenty-two dollars, the contribution of members of the society.

Regular meeting of the Sewing Circle of Baptist church was held on Wednesday afternoon, with Pres. Mrs. W. H. Heustis presiding. At four o'clock the annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign and Home Mission Society convened and the following named officers elected for the current year:—Pres., Mrs. J. P. Wyman; vice pres., Mrs. C. A. Learned; sec. and treas., Mrs. H. S. Gregory; directors, Mrs. J. S. Crosby, Mrs. G. Y. Wellington, Mrs. J. F. Allen. After the business meeting a social hour was enjoyed, Mrs. Franklin Wyman serving chocolate and cake.

The Altar Guild connected with the Universalist church, its object being to supply flowers for the altar of the church and the sick of the parish, and to decorate the church on special occasions, held its annual meeting at the home of Mrs. F. S. Mead, Mass. ave., last Monday afternoon. The usual yearly reports were read and accepted, and the following officers elected for the year: Pres., Miss Harding; vice-pres., Mrs. Frank Bott; sec'y and treas., Mrs. C. F. Coolidge. The hostess treated the members of the guild with a collation of sherbet, fruit, chocolate and cake. There was an exciting incident during the afternoon, but the only gentleman present came bravely to the rescue, and what might have been a serious fire was averted.

The new system by which letter carriers will accept letters for registration at house doors will be put into operation in the residential districts of Boston and its postal stations on January 15, 1900. This system will be of great advantage to the residents of these districts, as it will enable them to register letters without visiting the post-office, its stations or sub-stations. Each carrier will be provided with a registry receipt book, and any person upon his route may hand him a letter to be registered and receive from him a receipt therefor. All letters presented for registration under this system must have postage and registry fee (eight cents) paid by postage stamps affixed, or the exact amount of money must be handed to the carrier with the letter to be registered, as the carriers are not allowed to make change.

At the annual meeting of the local W. C. T. U. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, Mrs. F. A. Johnson; vice-presidents in their order, Mesdames M. J. Wiggins, H. Y. Hill, C. A. Learned, Edw. Day; sec., Mrs. H. T. Gregory; treas., Mrs. Thos. Williams; supt. Sunday school work, Miss M. J. Simpson; the superintendents of departmental work are—Flower Mission, Mrs. George Swan; Signal and Message, Miss May Hardy; Sabbath Observance, Miss Nellie Hardy; Parlor Meetings, Mrs. T. L. Kidder; supt. Narcotics, Mrs. H. Y. Hill; Suffrage, Jessica Henderson; Literature, Miss Edith Rice; Press Work, Hattie Williams; Physical Culture, Mrs. M. E. Roberts; Mothers and Evangelists, Mrs. C. A. Learned; Loyal Legion, Rev. Jas. C. Yarnes; Scientific Temperance Instruction in Public Schools, Mrs. T. L. Kid-

der; Railroad Work, Mrs. T. Williams and Mrs. Peppard.

The officers of Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank will be found in special notice column.

A cake walk will be given at the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, in connection with the Universalist fair. Several of the well known young people of the town will take part and contest for the cake. It will be interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, accompanied by Mrs. Geo. T. Freeman, their niece, left Wednesday evening on the Colonial Express for Washington, enroute for Lake Helen, Florida, where they go for their annual sojourn of a month or more.

Representative J. Howell Crosby finds himself most advantageously placed in the assignment of committee places by Speaker Myers, having a position on the House Standing Committee on Ways and Means. As this committee holds sessions daily, it will give him ample occupation, and he was pleased to be assigned to no other duty.

Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th, the marriage of Miss Maude F. Pierce, of Arlington, and Mr. Albert Murray Walcott, of Belmont, will be solemnized in the Unitarian church, Arlington, at eight o'clock. The ceremony is to be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Pierce, 125 Pleasant street, Arlington.

A nice supper, followed by an informal season of song in which all who sing are invited to join, furnishings and decorations, with costumes appropriate to the period, will be the attraction at the "Colonial Supper" to be given next Thursday evening, in the vestry of Pleasant street Cong. church, Arlington. Everybody is invited. Tickets 25 cents.

The ladies of Pleasant street Cong. church are to give a unique entertainment Thursday evening, Jan. 18, in the vestry of the church. It is to be a colonial supper, followed by an informal singing school of olden times. The parlor of the church is to be furnished in the colonial style and those waiting on table will be so dressed, besides various others who will attend as participants. Following the supper an informal singing class will be formed and any and all are invited to join, also to bring with them, to sing out of, the "Father Kemp" song book. Supper tickets, including all features of the evening, can be had for twenty-five cents.

The alarm of fire, last Sunday morning, rung in from Box 43, about four o'clock, was caused by a blaze in the gate tender's house at the Mill street crossing on the B. & M. R. R. The three pieces of apparatus responding to this call were promptly on hand, but it was pre-eminently a job for the chemical, and the machine handled it so as to confine the blaze to the inside, which was quite thoroughly burned out. This was the first alarm since Mr. LeBaron gave the machinery a new adjustment, and the result must have been gratifying to all concerned, for the first blast was as clear as any gong can give under full pressure of live steam, and the last of the fourth round was as sharply defined as the first.

At the quarterly meeting of the trustees of the Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank, held at the banking rooms on the 5th inst., Henry Blasdale was duly elected treasurer, vice Joseph W. Whitaker, resigned on account of advancing years. Mr. Blasdale was formerly cashier of the National Revere Bank of Boston, having entered its service in 1859, the date of its organization. Holding at the outset the lowest position of all the employees, that of messenger, he by successive advancements reached the position of cashier, which office he held for more than twenty-five years, until the fall of '98, when the Revere Bank, with several others, was forced into liquidation by the committee of Associated Savings Banks. Mr. Blasdale entered upon his duties as treasurer not only with the highest commendation from the former directors of the Revere Bank, but with the hearty endorsement and best wishes of his banking associates in Boston, with whom he has been long and intimately connected.

Mrs. F. D. Roberts, of 211 Mystic street, Arlington, gave a musicale on Saturday evening, Jan. 5th, at which she introduced Miss Annette Frizelle, of Lexington, as her guest of honor and special soloist. Mrs. Roberts received with Miss Frizelle and the mother of the latter, Mrs. James H. Frizelle, the retiring president of W. R. C. No. 97, of Lexington. Friends of the hostess present were treated to an enjoyable programme, including a brilliant piano solo by Miss Lottie Easton, of Somerville, a violin solo by Mr. Fred W. Derby, and baritone solos by Mr. Alfred A. Roberts. Mr. Roberts' voice has improved in quality and compass and his singing was greatly enjoyed by those present. Miss Frizelle is a contralto singer and has recently returned to her Lexington home, after several years' engagement at a musical institute at Cleveland, Ohio, and therefore has experience in musical matters and culture to add to the natural agreeable qualities of her voice, which is excellent in quality, sweet and pleasing. She sang a manuscript song and gave a fine rendering of a Brahms selection, and is classical and refined in her choice of repertoire. Her singing on this occasion was highly appreciated. Mrs. Theresa L. Kidder gave a bright touch to the musical programme by an interesting reading, choosing a new selection and giving its amusing situations most effectively.

At the close of the evening delicious ice cream and cake, with lemonade, were served.

Last Monday evening Mr. E. Nelson Blake gave a farewell party on the eve of his departure for the south, at which time the members of his large Bible class, connected with the Baptist church, were his guests. There was a full attendance and the company must have numbered forty ladies and gentlemen. The entertainment was given at Mr. Blake's spacious home on Mass. avenue, and the earlier part of the evening was spent in listening to readings by Mr. Blake, interspersed with musical selections by the Parkers. Miss Grace and Miss Annabelle Parker gave a duet and the young ladies, with Mr. Parker, sang in trio. There were also solos by Mr. Parker and Miss Annabelle. Mr. Blake read the Fall of Jericho, and one or two lesser selections, all of which were pleasantly received by the audience. A prominent feature of this enjoyable meeting of teacher and class, was the presentation to the former of two handsome gifts, one being a large picture of "Christ and the Elders," and the other a set of Chas. Dudley Warner's "In the Levant." The presentation was made effective in a little speech, by Mr. Stephen B. Wood, and Mr. Blake responded feelingly and was strong in his expressions of regard for the class. The remainder of the evening was spent socially and in discussing some salad, oysters and other refreshments served by the house servants. Prominent in the gathering was Rev. Dr. Watson, the pastor of the assembled company.

Mrs. Simeon Barker died at her home on Russell street, Wednesday morning, at half past seven, of a sudden and acute attack of pneumonia. Mrs. Barker was only sick a week and was first taken with grippe, which developed on Saturday last into pneumonia. The funeral is taking place to-day, at her home, at half-past two. The deceased was the daughter of Wm. A. and Abigail C. (Tufts) Whittemore and was born Dec. 22, 1841, at Arlington, and has always resided here where her ancestors had long been identified with the town. She was married in 1870 and is survived by her husband and one daughter, Emma, the wife of Mr. Geo. N. Jenkins. Mrs. Clarence F. Hobbs is a sister, who, with three brothers, Henry, Ephraim and Frank Whittemore, survive their sister. Mrs. Barker has been strong in her alliance to the Universalist church and devoted to her home duties. She gave abundantly of her life, strength and interest in loving faithfulness and helpfulness to others, and as her life was rich in giving and doing, so was her death peaceful and sweet. Consequent to the end, she had a message for those she loved gathered about her and directions for their aid and assistance in the hour of trouble and grief. Mrs. Barker was a prominent member of the Neighborhood Whist Club, which, since her death, has voted to discontinue the club meetings for the remainder of the season, and the money in the treasury is to be used for a memorial of flowers for the much loved and respected absent member.

The officers of Charles V. Marsh Camp 45, S. of V., were installed on Tuesday evening, Capt. Lounsbury, of Camp 66, Woburn, performing the service, ex-Capt. Stickney, of Melrose, assisting as Sergt. of the Guard. Capt. Lounsbury is a pleasant speaker as well as thoroughly equipped in all the minutia of ritualistic work, so the service was of more than ordinary interest in his hands. The roster of elective officers for 1900 is as follows:—Wm. A. Stevens, captain; E. A. Gibbons, 1st lieut.; E. A. Knowlton, 2d lieut.; Camp Council, George W. Knowlton, Edward C. Jacobs, Major J. Bacon. The elective officers being inducted into office, Capt. Stevens announced his staff, and then proceeded to install them in a way that readily accounted to those present why he is so often sought for elsewhere to officiate as installing officer. The list of appointments is as follows:—M. J. Bacon, chaplain; A. B. Moulton, 1st sergt.; Benj. A. Harris, Q. M. sergt.; E. C. Jacobs, sergt. guard; Frank E. Prescott, color guard; L. P. Berthrong, camp guard. At the conclusion of the service the installing officer made a speech full of encouragement, and a Past-Com. of Post 36 responded to an invitation to talk to the younger comrades. The affair closed with a substantial lunch and a social hour that was not the least enjoyable feature of the evening.

The eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Hendrick died from a malignant form of diphtheria on Monday afternoon, at two o'clock. May was the elder of the two daughters of the family, and her younger sister, Anna, was sick at the same time with the dread disease but in a much milder form, which

her recovery is assured. The deceased child was taken sick a week ago Tuesday and on the following Thursday it was pronounced diphtheria. On Saturday the specialist called gave little hope of her recovery. There was no funeral of course and the burial followed shortly after the decease. This makes a double affliction for this family almost within a week's time, and the whole community has felt a deep sympathy for their affliction. Something of a scare has resulted from these cases and it has been rumored that Walter, the son, who died the week previous, had diphtheria. This the doctor positively contradicts and the Messrs. Hartwell are also sure such was not the case, as there is never any doubt to be entertained by those experienced in such matters, the condition of the body and other indications always being strongly apparent when the disease has been from diphtheria.

Yesterday afternoon the recently chosen officers of Francis Gould Relief Corps No. 43 were installed with interesting ceremonies and in the evening the organization for whose benefit the ladies banded themselves together, Post 36, G. A. R., had a more public affair of a similar nature, but entertaining as guests Corps 43, Charles V. Marsh Camp 45, and citizens connected with them under the title of "Associates." This made an audience that filled the handsome hall in town and it was a genial and congenial company. "Post 36 Orchestra" was in its accustomed place in the rear, and as usual musician Averill presented a lot of familiar tunes that pleased the company, if not compositions of high art as at present interpreted. A prominent feature of the evening was the banquet, for which the Corps members furnished the cake and other delicacies and the officers elect of Post 36 supplying the substantial of an attractively spread and toothsome supper. The presentation of a valuable gold copy of the official G. A. R. badge to the retiring commander has become as much a law of Post 36 as any unwritten decree can possibly be, and during the evening Commander Frank Marden, who has given the Post two years of faithful service in the highest office, was the recipient of one of the handsomest and most valuable of any now worn by the several past commanders since the time Past-Com. Horace D. Durgin received his well deserved reward of merit. On this occasion the presentation was by Past-Com. Peirce, in well chosen words. That comrade Marden was sensible of and appreciated the mark of esteem, his manner at least gave ample evidence. Commander John D. Cook, of Post 113, Cambridge, was the installing officer, and addresses from him, the acting O. D., Capt. W. A. Stevens, Camp 45, and several representatives of other posts, interspersed with music, filled the evening pleasantly after the formal exercises. There was also a bouquet presentation, but we understand the party for whom it was intended was skipped. At the close, everybody was congratulating everybody else on the success of the affair; but the visitors were sure the Post is "not in it" in nice work compared with the Corps, and the "boys" will not argue. Letters of regret were read from Mr. Blake, Rev. James Yeames and others. The following is the full roster of both Post and Corps:—

FRANCIS GOULD POST 36, G. A. R.
Commander.—Charles H. Prentiss.
Sr. Vice-Commander.—Jacob O. Winchester.
Jr. Vice-Commander.—Henry S. Harris.
Chaplain.—W. P. F. Willard.
Sergeant.—David Chenevix.
Adjutant.—Alfred H. Knowles.
Quartermaster.—Sylvester C. Frost.
Office Day.—Henry Bradley.
Office Guard.—Edward W. Brown.
Sergeant Major.—C. F. Oakman.
Q. M. Sergeant.—Franklin D. Roberts.
FRANCIS GOULD RELIEF CORPS NO. 43.
President.—Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer.
Sr. V. P.—Carrie Kimball.
Jr. V. P.—Charlotte Ross.
Sec.—Carrie M. Fowle.
Treas.—Sarah Blanchard.
Chaplain.—Carrie H. Thayer.
Conductor.—Mary L. Durgin.
Guard.—Lydia F. Durgin.
Assistant Conductor.—Violet C. Durgin.
Assistant Guard.—Jennie Barnes.
Color Bearer.—Nellie Marden, Sarah Whit-
tler, Georgiana Averill, Jennie Tyler.

The regular meeting of Corps 43 not only commanded an unusually large attendance of the members, but also numerous visitors from Lexington, Brighton and other places, so that only a small space remained in the centre in which to conduct the installation exercises which followed the order of business. Mrs. Gilman, wife of Dept. Com. John E. Gilman, was the installing officer, with Mrs. C. W. Iley officiating as conductor, and each was as nearly perfect in their station as is possible. Following the business of the hour came speeches and exercises that all will pleasantly remember. Mrs. Farmer, who has served several terms in her high office, was presented with a valuable gold badge, Mrs. Mary L. Durgin happily voicing the sentiments of the Corps in her presentation speech, and Mrs. Farmer making a fitting response; she also received at the hands of Mr. Averill a handsome bouquet; a

like token of appreciation being given the installing officer. At 6.30 o'clock all present sat down to the fine banquet alluded to above, preparatory to the work of the evening.

Mr. Herbert Yeames, though not yet able to leave his bed, is steadily improving.

Tuesday evening a whist party takes place in Grand Army Hall, under the auspices of the Rebekah Lodge.

The regular Sunday services at St. John's church, Academy street, at half-past ten and half-past seven o'clock.

Mr. Henry Blasdale, the recently appointed cashier of the Savings Bank, has taken rooms at Mrs. Varney's, on Maple street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Learned, of Arlington, to Mr. Albert D. Woodworth, of Ashmont, Mass.

The Unitarian Alliance holds its monthly literary meeting on Monday afternoon, at the usual hour, in the parlor of the Unitarian church.

The sixth in the series of lectures on the Lord's Prayer will be given by the Rev. James Yeames on Sunday evening. Subject: "The Father's Forgiveness."

Parties attending the Colonial supper at the Congregational church, next Thursday evening, are invited to come attired in appropriate costume, if convenient.

Mr. M. L. H. Leavitt, of Arlington, purchased, last week, and has assumed entire control of the same, the apothecary store, corner of the avenue and Mystic street, conducted by Clark & Loomis.

The Veteran Firemen's Association holds an adjourned meeting at headquarters on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8 o'clock, for final adjustment of affairs connected with the grand ball which occurs this evening in Town Hall.

The grand ball of the A. V. F. A., in Town Hall, this (Friday, Jan. 12) evening, will in point of decoration, music and other adjuncts, be the peer of any affair of the kind ever given here, and will command the attendance of many out-of-town people.

The first meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion brought a larger attendance than ever. Rev. James Yeames, superintendent, gave the lesson address, Mrs. Lindsey and Mrs. Gratto were present as representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The Universalist Middlesex Conference of Sunday schools will hold its annual meeting with the church at Everett on Tuesday next, Jan. 16th, with both afternoon and evening sessions. Mrs. F. B. Wadleigh, of Arlington, is secretary of the organization and will be glad to furnish any information in regard to the same.

Sixty-eight members are now enrolled in the Arlington Young Men's Club, and eight were elected on Tuesday evening. Two tables and six chairs have been given to the club, through Mr. Wm. D. Elwell. The Rev. J. Yeames presented a ballot-box and gavel. After the despatch of business, Mr. Yeames gave a brief talk on "Praiseworthy Practice." Next Tuesday will be a musical evening, with numbers contributed by Mr. W. Sears and Mr. Frank Grey, piano; Mr. Julius Hackel, violin; Mr. W. Cook, graphophone; Mr. Howard Bennett, mandolin.

Boat Club Entertainment.

For a long series of years Arlington Boat Club has annually appeared before the public in some form of entertainment, frequently furnishing it from its own ranks, but occasionally employing outside talent. This was the plan this year, the quite famous "Criterion Club" taking the contract, and presenting the amusing comedy with which many are familiar, "A Night Off." The story of the play is simply the inducing an old university professor to mingle with a company of strolling players, secretly, and being discovered by the straitlaced Mrs. Blimber, some decidedly amusing situations are introduced, all being handled with skill by the talented company presenting the play, and cast as follows:—

Erasmus Blimber, A. B., Professor of Ancient History in Clifton University. Mr. F. H. Richardson.
Harold Watson, M. D., his son-in-law. Mr. Walter H. Dugan.
Ernest Harwood, in pursuit of fortune, under the name of Montgomery. Mr. Arthur H. Sawyer.
Mr. Harwood, of New York, in pursuit of Ernest. Mr. Eugene L. Cason.
Janus Brutus Hamm, the Manager. Mr. Samuel Oliver.
Mrs. Cornelia Blimber, Professor of Conjugal Management in the Blimber household. Miss Lillian Bolles.
Louise, her youngest, a bad, unfeeling descendant of the Professor. Miss Lena Trembly.
Ada, Harold's wife, nee Blimber, more like her mother. Mrs. George E. Adams.
Matilda, servant at the Blimbers', quite up-to-date. Miss Alice L. Westgate.

During the evening the "Criterion Orchestra," Mrs. A. Nay, Jr., conductor, furnished spirited and tuneful selections which the large audience thoroughly enjoyed. A feature of the affair was a 20-page program with illuminated cover, which not only gave what is expected in a program of an evening's performance, but also a historical sketch of Arlington Boat Club, well and concisely written, embodying all important facts relating to this now well into middle life organization, as men's ages are counted, the list of past presidents and present board of control, together with a list of honorary members.

DUSK ON THE WIDE, LOW PLAIN.

Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a glint in the foreground lying
Water fringed by a ring of tremulous whispering
reeds,
And over it circling bats
And the sound of the killedeer's crying,
And around it the sigh of the wind in a network
of shivering weeds.
Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a star in the distance peering
Over the walled peaks of shifting, vanishing blue,
And an oak tree black on the sand,
And a hare leaping off through the clearing,
And, out where the tarweeds toss, the bleat of a
wandering ewe.
Dusk on the wide, low plain,
And a crane to the pools descending,
And soft where the mulleins wait, the flit of a
round owl's wing,
And a hawk beating home to his perch
Where the clouds with the crests are blending,
And shades of the hastening night round the less
ening foothills cling.
—William Higgin in Youth's Companion.

HE ATE ANOTHER DINNER.

And Even at That He Didn't Get His Money's Worth.
"Speaking of the man who 'wants to get even' reminds me," said the room clerk, "of something that happened last season when I was working in Chicago. A man from South Bend, Ind., put up at the hotel on the American plan one day and took dinner outside with a friend. When he came to pay his bill that evening, he found he had been charged for the meal and immediately raised Cain. The clerk tried to explain that the American plan was based entirely upon time, and if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout, but the man from South Bend couldn't get it through his head. He paid the bill under protest and inquired whether dinner was still on.
"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "it lasts till 9 p. m."
"Then, by jings," he exclaimed, "I'll just go up and tackle it! I've eaten one dinner already, but you bet I'm going to get my money's worth out of this old house if I bust!"
"He rushed into the dining room, grabbed a bill of fare and ordered everything he could think of, his sole idea being to get even for that charge. It was a sumptuous repast, and what he couldn't eat he messed up so it would be of no use to anybody else. When he finally got through, the waiter handed him a check for \$4.10.
"What's that for?" he asked in surprise.
"Your dinner, sir," said the waiter.
"But I've already paid for it in my bill," he protested. "I'm staying here on the American plan."
"Then you should have gone to the other dining room," said the waiter. "This is the European plan cafe."
"The man from South Bend paid the bill in silence and walked out. When he reached the sidewalk, his pent up emotion exploded, and he said things that shocked even the cab drivers."
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Alien From Arkansas.
"When I was on the bench," relates Judge J. J. Du Bose, "we were once making up a special jury for a murder trial. The lawyers were examining the venire, and I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on till one of the lawyers attracted my attention by saying:
"Your honor, this man is incompetent for jury service. He's a foreigner."
"I looked at the man under examination and didn't think he looked like a foreigner. He looked, anyway, like he was acclimated. So I asked him:
"Have you ever been naturalized?"
"No, sir," he answered.
"And you say you're a foreigner and not naturalized? What country are you a native of?"
"Arkansas."
"Well, everybody in the courtroom laughed. I told the man he could go. He wasn't much of a foreigner, but too much to sit on a jury in my court."
—Memphis Scimitar.

Secret Drawers.
"Most people seem to think," says a maker of furniture, "that secret drawers and hidden receptacles in furniture only exist in novels and plays, but this is by no means so. I very frequently take orders for such items, and I employ a clever woman designer, who shows positive genius in planning places of concealment, which no amount of tapping or measuring could reveal. In most cases, even were the hollow receptacle discovered, the woodwork around would have to be cut away, so complex are the fastenings. Most of the orders come from women—and rich people, of course—and I have no doubt that a desire to hide articles from too curious servants dictates the orders."
—New York Tribune.

A Grave Request.
A solicitor in a Georgia court is responsible for the following:
He overheard a conversation between his cook and a nurse, who were discussing a recent funeral of a member of their race, at which there had been a great profusion of flowers. The nurse said:
"When I die, don't plant no flowers on my grave, but plant a good old watermelon vine, and when it gets ripe you come dar, and don't you eat it, but jes' bust it on de grave and let dat good old juice dribble down through de ground."
—Youth's Companion.

Not Particular as to Weapons.
The waiter girl knew a thing or two about table etiquette, so she sniffed scornfully as she said, "It's not our custom to serve a knife with pie."
"No?" remarked the patron in surprise. "Then bring me an ax."
—Philadelphia Record.

A bride must feel rather cheap when a relative gives her away.—Chicago News.

The British empire embraces 2,000 rivers.

THE PAGE'S DIFFICULTY.

He Told His Troubles Right Out at the Wedding.
A good story comes from Atlanta, but the incident happened several seasons ago. The occasion was a swell church wedding. The edifice had been gloriously decorated. The bride, surrounded by a company of pages, flower girls and maids of honor, was slowly passing down the aisle, while the prospective bridegroom and his best man and the officiating clergyman were taking their places. The church organ was pealing forth the sounds of joyous wedding bells. Fashionable people dressed for the occasion occupied the seats of the handsome church. It so happened that one of the pages had in the rush of business preparatory to dressing for the occasion been turned over to the care of a nurse. As he proceeded down the main aisle of the church in company with the other youngsters, who in white satin suits were doing the honors of each respective household, he suddenly espied his mother seated in one of the pews.
At this point the organist began playing softly as the wedding party passed to the altar. Then, above the gentle strains of music clear as a bird could be heard the voice of the aforesaid small boy.
"Mamma," he shrilly cried, "nurse put on my pants wrong side before, and I can't hardly walk!"
Of course the horrified mamma could do nothing but blush scarlet, but lifted a prayer that the young scion would keep still from that time on. And he did and received a hearty kiss from the bride at the close of the ceremony. This is a true story and can be vouched for by those who attended the wedding.—Galesburg (Ga.) Mail.

ANCIENT ARITHMETIC.

Examples That Were Used in Egypt, 3,600 Years Ago.
Probably the oldest copy book for home lessons in arithmetic was recently unearthed in Egypt. The papyrus, which was found in excellent condition, dates from the period about 1700 B. C.—that is, about 100 years before the time of Moses, or almost 3,600 years ago. It proves that the Egyptians had a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics almost to the extent of our own. The papyrus has a long heading, "Direction how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," etc. Numerous examples show that their principal operations with entire units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtractions and divisions were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.
Equations are also found in the papyrus. Among the examples given is this one: Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person receives one-eighth of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men, each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley, each grain of barley would, if cultivated, have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost in that way?
The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle and its transformation into a square, and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.—Philadelphia Record.

The Fate of Admiral Byng.
Admiral John Byng was the fourth son of the Earl of Torrington and served in the British navy, rising to be admiral of the red in 1748, when he was 44 years old. In 1756 he was sent with a badly equipped fleet to relieve Minorca, threatened by the French. He reached Minorca after the French had got there. His second in command, Rear Admiral West, drove them back, while Byng kept his ships out of action. In a day or two he sailed to Gibraltar, leaving Minorca to its fate. He was tried for treachery and cowardice, but acquitted. The court martial convicted him of not having done his best to relieve the island, and under the application of article 12 of the British naval code of those days he was condemned to be shot. The ministers took him as a scapegoat, and he was shot on the quarter deck of his own flagship, the Monarque, in Portsmouth harbor on March 14, 1757.

A Text That Caught.
The following extraordinary coincidence occurred at Tinwald recently: A young preacher, who has lately married, was planned to take the morning service, but, by a misreading of the plan, he mistook his appointment for an evening one. Consequently the congregation gathered on the Sunday morning waited in vain for his appearance. Thereupon one of the office bearers of the church present undertook the service. Totally unaware that the absent preacher had recently married, he electrified and amused his audience by announcing as his text, "He has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come."
—New Zealand Herald.

The Business For Him.
Little Charles—Sister told mamma yesterday you was born to be a politician.
Mr. Skimpsey—A politician? I wonder why she thinks so.
Little Charles—She says you can do so much talkin' without committin' yourself.—Chicago Times-Herald.

People who suffer from heat in the hands and feet can obtain speedy and easy relief from the same by putting inside their stockings and gloves a small portion of very fine oatmeal.

Prisoners in the penitentiary are about the only ones that live up to their convictions.—Kansas City Star.

THE OLD TIME BELLE.

The Busy Modern Girlhood Smiles Over Her Trivial Interests.
An extract from the "Journal of a young lady of fashion" several centuries ago makes one feel quite relieved that it is not really a part of elegant living nowadays to keep journals, remarks an exchange. Poor little faded journal! The delicate little hand that penned those cramped lines, maybe, was given to "John Grey." For romance's sake, let's hope that it was.
"7 o'clock—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the courtyard.
"10 o'clock—Went to dinner; John Grey, a most comely youth—but what is that to me? A virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little and stole a great many tender looks at me; said women would never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good natured. I hope my temper is not intolerable. . . . Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hands with vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objections to John Grey; he plays at prison bars as well as any of the country gentlemen and is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on Sunday."
A sample of poetry dedicated to "a young lady" shows what women were served with in the way of literature:
And he whose lot is blessed,
As only man's can be,
Will find to sure a rest
On earth with thee.
Where all is bright and fair
And sorry joys entomb.
Thou'lt be transplanted there
And ever bloom.
O ye shades of our ancestresses!
What would you think of the contents of some of our library shelves? What would you think of the rosy cheeked girl who would consider such poetry as you read simply too insipid and stupid for any use?—Baltimore Herald.

MACREADY ON THE STAGE.

The Tragedian Was Not a Pleasant Man to Act With.
Macready was a dreadful man to act with. You had the pleasant sensation of knowing that you were doing nothing that he wanted you to do, though following strictly his instructions. He would press you down with his hand on your head and tell you in an undertone to stand up. Mr. Macready was a terribly nervous actor. Any little thing which happened unexpectedly irritated him beyond endurance.
One night at the Park "Macbeth" was the play. Mrs. Sloman, an old fashioned actress, dressed Lady Macbeth in the manner which prevailed in her early life, in black velvet, point lace and pearl beads. In the murder scene part of his dress caught on the tassels of her pearl girdle. The string broke, the beads fell to the floor softly with a pretty rhythmic sound, disconcertingly heard through the intense silence of the scene.
This so exasperated Mr. Macready that he was almost frantic, until, with the final lines of the scene, "Wake, Duncan with the knocking, oh! Would thou couldst," he threw Mrs. Sloman off the stage, with words which I hope were unheard by the public and were certainly unfit for publication.—"Autobiographical Sketches," by Mrs. John Drew, in Scribner's.

A City With Two Carriages.
There are only two carriages in town. One belongs to the archbishop, and the other carriage is the property of the government and one of the perquisites that pertain to the presidential power. It is an ordinary landau, imported from Paris in pieces and put together by local talent, and a native artist has painted upon the panels of the doors a brilliant reproduction of the coat of arms of the republic, about a foot square, in the national colors—green, yellow and red. This is greatly admired by the populace, who see the carriage only occasionally, on state occasions, when it is drawn by four big black horses wearing harness heavily mounted with silver and decorated with rosettes, tassels and streamers of the national colors.—La Paz (Bolivia) Cor. Chicago Record.

An Illustrious Newsworthy.
The guests at my table at the luncheon were Professors Gneist and Hoffman and Von Bunsen. While thus refreshing ourselves, both physically and mentally, Hoffman told the following story of Faraday, whom he had known very intimately. They were walking one day together through the streets of London, where both were then professors, when Faraday stopped a newsboy and bought a paper. Hoffman asked him why, with his house supplied regularly with all the papers he needed, he stopped to buy a paper from a boy in the street. Faraday replied, "I was once a newsboy myself and sold papers on the street."—John Bigelow's Recollections in Century.

Where It Was Needed.
McSwitters—No, I don't want the encyclopedia.
Agent—Do you know any one around here who might?
McSwitters—The man next door. He's one of those fellows who know it all.—Syracuse Herald.

Kind Words.
Kind words are like music to the world; they have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. No one has ever been converted by a sarcasm; crushed, perhaps, if the sarcasm was clever enough, but never made better.

Across the Division Fence.
First Lady—I'd lick ye in a minute only I wouldn't dirty me hands on ye!
Second Lady—Course ye wouldn't. Ye'd clean 'em.
The riot call was sent in about three minutes later.—Indianapolis Journal.

E. NELSON BLAKE, President. W. D. HIGGINS, Cashier. A. D. HOLT, Vice-President.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ARLINGTON.

SAVINGS BANK BLOCK, - ARLINGTON, MASS.
CAPITAL, \$50,000.
Bank hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., daily. Wednesdays and Saturdays, to receive deposits, from 7 to 8.30 o'clock, p. m.
DIRECTORS: E. Nelson Blake, A. D. Holt, Edward S. Fessenden, Sylvester C. Frost, Edwin S. Spaulding, Henry Hornblower, W. D. Higgins, Theodore Schwamb, Franklin Wyman.
Drafts on England and Ireland from £1 up.

WE SOLICIT BUSINESS

"What have you there, my pretty maid?"
"A loaf of bread, kind sir," she said.
"O where did you buy it, pretty maid?"
"Down at Hardy's, kind sir," she said.

And if you want the best the market affords

Go to N. J. HARDY'S Catering Establishment.
Studio Building, Arlington.

ICE CREAM, SHERBETS, CHARLOTTE RUSSE CAKE, FLAIN AND FANCY, ALWAYS READY

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD

Is the best wood in the market for inside or outside finish, because of its durability, beauty, resistance to fire and finishing qualities. It costs less than pine of a similar grade.

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Telephone 48.

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Family Paints, Brushes, Varnishes, Rubber Hose, Garden Tools
Window Screens and Doors. Full Line of Crockery
and Tinware, Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges.
Personal attention to Plumbing.
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Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.

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Haskell's Improved Wool Soles & Slippers
Cost us more than others. Ladies are invited to call and see why.

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Sizes, Infants' 9s to Gents' 11s.

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Arlington Harness Co.,
FOWLE'S BLOCK
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Driving, Teaming and Expressing
Single and Double Harness

IN A VARIETY OF STYLES AND MAKES.
Trimmed in Silver, Gold, Solid Nickel, Brass and Rubber.
Warranted to give satisfaction. All sorts of supplies for the stable,—combs, brushes, sponges; pads, blankets, nets; chains, whips, etc., etc., constantly on hand. New harness work of finest quality a specialty. Repairing in all branches and satisfaction guaranteed.

ESTABLISHED 1886

If you wish for artistic work in
Photos, Crayons, Water-Colors,
etc., this is the place
You get good work at reasonable prices. Call at studio and see sample. Portraits for the smallest locket to the life size crayon.

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SAMPLES and PRICES at STUDIO
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BILLS OVER A CENTURY OLD

They Show Tea to Have Been a Cambridge Student's Favorite Drink.
There is a bill for groceries, etc., furnished for an undergraduate at Cambridge in the year 1788. The bill contains one or two items of furniture. Apparently the undergraduate took over rooms already furnished at a valuation, and certain articles had to be bought new, such as a hearth brush, a pail, a mop and a "Holland gotch." One knows not what this means, but it cost 2 shillings 9 pence (43 cents).
The undergraduate would seem at first sight to have consumed tea in a most reckless manner. On Oct. 24 he is charged 2 shillings for Hyson and 1 shilling 6 pence for Congo. On Nov. 1 he is charged 2 shillings for tea and on the same day, which looks odd, 6 shillings 6 pence for tea. On the 9th of the month he buys a new teapot, the old one, one supposes, worn out with hard service. However, this tea lasts him till the end of the term, so that his tea costs him for the two months no more than 11 shillings, or \$2.75, and as the price of tea at this time varied from 8 shillings to about 25 shillings we may conclude that he got through no more than a pound during the term.
In other words, this young man took for breakfast a slight repast of weak tea and bread and butter. Dinner was then served at 12, so that breakfast was only what the Indians call a "chota hazi." On sugar he spent 4 shillings, which means six pounds at 8 pence a pound. On candles he spent 24 shillings 8½ pence, or about 3 shillings a week. He burned wax candles, mold candles and "wax twist." Salt was a shilling a packet. On two occasions he bought sand. Was, then, the floor of his room sand? It would seem so.—St. Louis Republic.

SOME COVETED SCRAWLS.

Rare Autographs For Which Immense Prices Have Been Paid.
The most prized autographs in the world are those of Shakespeare. Only seven are claimed to exist, three signatures to his will (each with a different spelling), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful) and one in a Tudor translation of Montaigne. This last is in the British museum and cost over 3,000 guineas.
One thousand guineas was the price given by the late Mr. Alfred Morrison of Carlton House terrace for an autograph letter written by Marie Stuart to the archbishop of Guise. This and two other letters (one to the pope and the other to the king of France) were written by the unfortunate queen of Scots on the morning of her execution. The letter to the French king was destroyed during the days of the terror, while that to the pope is still preserved at the Vatican.
The well known bookseller Bernard Quaritch gave £1,000 for an autograph of Columbus, which was exhibited at the World's fair at Chicago. A Chicago autograph dealer is said to have offered to give \$100,000, or over £20,000, for a genuine autograph of Shakespeare if brought to him within a year of making his offer. It was a safe bluff, for since the tragic fate of Chatterton no forger has cared to tackle the quaint scrawl of the Bard of Avon.—Collier's Weekly.

Jimmy and the Baby.
Jimmy's mother kept cows and sold milk. Jimmy himself had nothing to do with the cows, though sometimes he used to carry the milk pail to his mother's customers. The customers all liked Jimmy, with his round, freckled face and bashful grin, and they used to ask him how business was, for, although Jimmy was only 13 years old, he had a business. He made coffins—baby coffins—and sold them to the undertaker. They were nice pine coffins, with all the edges carefully joined. Jimmy received 50 cents for each one.
One day Jimmy stopped at the house of one of his mother's customers to leave some milk. A little boy met him at the door.
"We've got a new baby!" said the little boy. "Would you like to see it?"
Jimmy nodded. The little boy's aunt laughingly led Jimmy to the cradle where the new baby was. Jimmy gazed at the infant for some time, speechless with admiration or some such emotion.
"What do you think of it, Jimmy?" asked the aunt.
Jimmy grinned.
"I guess I'll have to make a nice little coffin when I go home," he said.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Boers Great Pioneer.
The Boer is the ideal pioneer. From the days of the great trek, in 1837, and even before that he opened up countries hitherto unexplored by a white man. A great deal of fuss has been made of mighty travelers, English and foreign, who have traversed Africa, to the vast pecuniary benefit of their publishers and with no small meed of fame to themselves, but there was scarcely one of the old voortrekkers and hunters of the forties and fifties who did not accomplish feats of endurance, pluck and lengthy travel which were ten times as trying.—London Mail.

Successive Waves.
The following wail is going the rounds of the state press: We are told of a young lady in a neighboring town who waved her hand at a stranger, and in three days they were married. Two days later the young lady waved a hatron at her husband, and the next evening he came home waving a divorce.—Nashville Banner.

Spanish Are Charitable.
The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 10,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 6,000 or more.

ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, Etc

ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL.

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.
Geo. D. Moore, president; R. Walter Hilliard, secretary; W. A. Pearce, treasurer. Meets in banking rooms of First National Bank, first Tuesday in each month, at 7:30 p. m. Money offered at auction at 8:30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.
Bank Building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. W. G. Peck, president; J. W. Whitaker, sec. and treas. Open daily from 3 to 5:30 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.
Meets first Monday in each month at Club House on margin of Spy Pond. Admission fee \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.
Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday of each month.

A. O. U. W., DIV. 21.
Meets in Hibernian Hall, corner Mystic and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7:30 p. m.

A. O. U. W., CIRCLE LODGE NO. 32.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Grand Army Hall, Mass. avenue, at 8 p. m.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
E. Nelson Blake, president; Wm. D. Higgins, cashier. Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8:30.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue. Menotomy Hook and Ladder: Hose No. 4, on Broadway. Bracket Chemical, Eagle Hose, Henderson street.

F. A. M., HIRAM LODGE.
Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

MENOTOMY R. A. CHAPTER.
Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall.

G. A. R., FRANCIS GOULD POST, 36.
Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. W. R. C., No. 43, meets on afternoons of same dates, at same place, at 2 p. m.

S. OF V. CAMP 45.
Meets in G. A. R. Hall second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at eight o'clock, p. m.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, NO. 109.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month in K. of C. Hall, over Shattuck's store.

ROBBINS PUBLIC LIBRARY.
Building is open to the public as follows: Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 p. m.; Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m.; book room 1 to 6 p. m. Wednesdays, 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 9 p. m.; book room, 1 to 9 p. m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 9 p. m.; book room, 1 to 9 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays only, during the month of August.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BRANCH.
Open Tuesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6:30 to 9 p. m. Thursdays, 3 to 6:30 to 9 p. m.

TOWN OFFICERS.
Selectmen meet at their office in Town Hall on the last Monday evening of each month, for approval of bills. Regular meetings each Saturday evening. Town Clerk and Treasurer, office hours 8 to 12; 2 to 6, also Saturday evenings.

Board of Health, on call of chairman.
Engineers Fire Department, Saturday before last Monday each month.

School Committee, third Tuesday evening monthly.
Sewer Commissioners, on call of chairman.

Trustees of Cemetery, on call of chairman.
Water Commissioners, first Saturday in each month.

WOMEN'S C. T. UNION.
Meets in Pleasant Hall, Maple street, second and fourth Tuesdays of each month.

I. O. O. F., BETHEL LODGE, NO. 12.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Bank Building, every Wednesday evening, at 8.

IDA F. BUTLER REBEKAH LODGE NO. 152.
Meets first and third Monday evenings of each month in Bethel Lodge Room.

UNITED ORDER I. O. L.
Veritas Lodge No. 45. Meets in Grand Army Hall, the second and fourth Monday evenings in each month.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL.

Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m.; other services according to church calendar.

ST. MALACHY, CATHOLIC.

Corner Academy and Maple streets. Rector, the Rev. James Yeames. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m.; other services according to church calendar.

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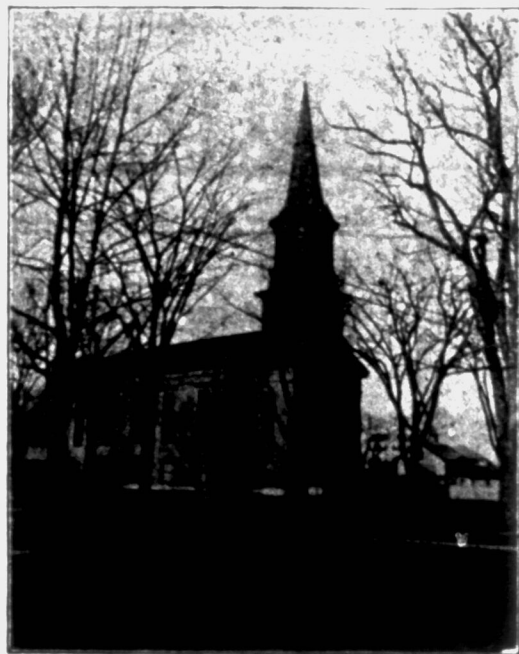
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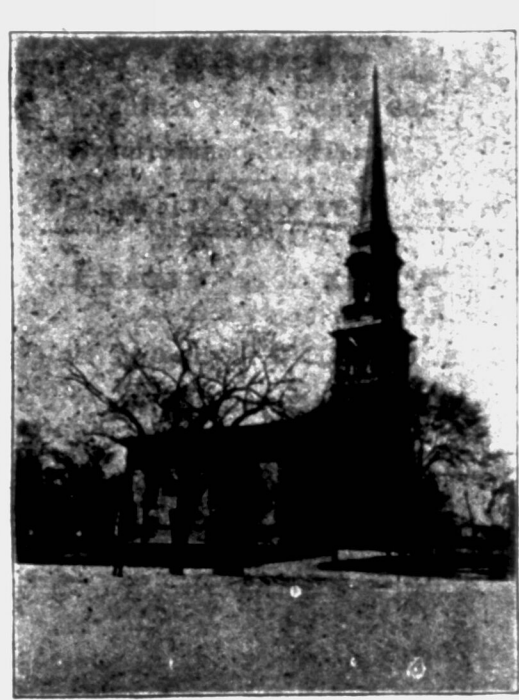


Corner Pleasant and Maple streets. Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, pastor. residence on Maple street, opposite the church. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m., Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon, except during July and August. Friday evenings, at 7:30, social service in vestry.



Massachusetts avenue, opposite Academy street. Rev. Harry Fay Foster, pastor, 12 Pleasant street. Sunday services in the morning at 10:45. Sunday school at noon, except during July and August. Y. P. Union at 6:30 p. m.

ARLINGTON FIRST PARISH.
(Unitarian.)



Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Rev. Frederick G. H. pastor. Boards with Mrs. J. C. Harris, 23 Academy street. Sunday morning preaching service at 10:45. Sunday school at noon, except July and August.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.



Massachusetts avenue, opposite Bartlett avenue. Rev. Charles H. Watson, D. D., minister. Residence 26 Academy street. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school at noon hour; Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6:15 p. m.; evening church services at 7:15 o'clock.

PARK AVENUE CHURCH.
(Orth. Congregational.)

Corner Medford and Chestnut streets. Rev. John M. Mulcahy, pastor; Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. A. S. Malone, assistants. Reside at parsonage, 24 Medford street, next to church. Mass at 7 and 9 a. m.; High Mass at 10:30; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Vespers at 3:30 p. m.

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- 4—Because they are a home product and local enterprise should be encouraged.
- 5—Because we are not the largest holders of fine tobaccos, but prefer to use the stock for your benefit.

If you have not tried them do so now. Remember the name—

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of HELEN E. GREENE, who died at Arlington, in said County of Middlesex, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex to be administered, and not leaving a known husband or heir in this Commonwealth.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant letters of administration on the estate of said deceased to Frederick W. Dalinger, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the said public administrator is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty seventh day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

CHARLES HERBERT BARTLETT,
ARCHITECT.

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HER LITTLE HEART.

Her little heart is like an inn
Where only transient guests may stay,
Who haply there their way may win.
Her little heart is like an inn—
Ah, sweet, to leave must I begin,
Who fain would bide herein for aye?
Her little heart is like an inn
Where only transient guests may stay.
—Harper's Bazar.

A MATTER OF ENVIRONMENT.

She Thought Her Suitor Was a Mere Dancing Man Afterward She Changed Her Mind.

BY W. R. ROSE

When Roger Hendricks suggested to his only daughter that she might find it pleasant to accompany him on a journey across the continent she eagerly agreed with him. When he added that she would have to rough it for a week or more she was delighted.

"I must stop at our new Midas mines in Nevada, and there'll be a wagon ride of 35 miles from the railway and no telling what rude accommodations after we get there."

"Don't say another word, daddy," she cried. "I'm just dying to get away from all these commonplace luxuries! I want a change. I'm sick of the effete east. I want to lose myself somewhere beyond the odor of factory smoke and the glare of electric lights."

"You'll be glad to welcome both," said Roger Hendricks a little grimly, "when you find yourself where there isn't the slightest tint of smoke on the dismal horizon and where your electric light is an evil smelling lamp or a sputtering tallow candle."

"Trust me," laughed Grace. "You'll find my romantic views have a very practical background. And we are to visit the mines, are we?"

"Yes," replied Roger, "the new Midas. I want to look them over myself. They are the coming wonders of the mining field and I'm anxious to see just what shape they are in. By the way," and he looked at her narrowly, "an old friend of yours is our assistant superintendent at the mines."

"A friend of mine? Who?"

"Robert Conklin."

"Robert? I knew he was going away, but had no idea where. It's certainly a strange environment for the prince of the german. Daddy, I want to tell you something. Robert asked me to be his wife just before he went away."

"Did he? Well, there are worse young men than Robert."

"Are there, daddy? I thought they were all monotonously alike, the same clean shaven faces, the same dress suits and white ties and patent leathers and languid draws and lank small talk."

Robert was a charming fellow—of the conventional type—and he had beautiful white hands and a lovely complexion, but he was too much like all the others to please your fastidious child."

"What did you tell him, my girl?"

"When he popped? Oh, I told him bluntly that he wasn't my ideal, and I sent him away."

Roger smiled.

"And he came to me," he said, "and I sent him away still farther. But it will not embarrass you to meet him at the mines?"

"Not in the least, daddy. Why should it?"

"I don't know." He laughed and turned away.

He did not tell his spoiled darling that he was Robert's sworn ally or that he was plotting at that very moment to secure what he thought was her happiness.

Three weeks later a two seated wagon drawn by a team of stout, though very tired, horses mounted the last hill that intervened between the railway station and the Midas mines. In the wagon were Roger Hendricks and Grace and an extremely taciturn, though highly skilled, driver, who had been sent over to meet them.

As they mounted the crest of the last long hill Roger Hendricks turned to the driver.

"Is Superintendent Ingersoll well?" he asked.

"Dunno," said the driver.

"Don't know!" echoed the capitalist.

"Isn't he at the mines?"

"Nope. He's across in California."

"What for?"

"Health."

"I didn't know he was ill," said the capitalist. "What's his trouble?"

"Knife in ribs. Couple o' fellers from Skinner's Flat came over an started a fuss. Superintendent 'ant tried to stop 'em an got jabbed. Bobay run in an floored the fellers biff bang! an then he toted superintendent 'ant over the line to a doctor, an sent me to Carson City with the fellers."

"And the mines?"

"Mines is runnin all right. Bobay's runnin 'em."

"Who is Bobay?"

"Dunno his other name. That's him comin."

He pointed with his whip at an approaching figure.

It was the figure of a tall young man in a slouch hat, a coarse flannel shirt, rough breeches and long, clay stained boots. He had a plentiful crop of hair, a face extremely sunburned where it wasn't covered by a brown curly beard, and his arms, exposed by his rolled up shirt sleeves, were brown and sinewy.

He took off his hat to Grace and extended his hand to her father.

"By George," cried the latter, "it's Conklin—it's Robert!" And he leaned over and vigorously shook the young man's hand. Grace gave a little gasp. Was this rough young Adonis, bearded and tanned, the white handed darling of the ballroom?

"Glad to welcome you to the mines, Miss Grace," he said in an easy manner, with no trace of self consciousness. And what astonished Grace most of all was that he made no excuses for his decidedly unconventional garb.

"Hold on," cried the capitalist as they walked toward the superintendent's cottage. "Are you Bobay?"

"That's what the Chinese cook calls me," laughed the young man, "and I believe the rest of the camp has adopted the title. We all have our nicknames out here, you know. But this is the superintendent's cottage. Miss Grace will take my room, and you, sir, will take Mr. Ingersoll's. The Chinese servants will serve your meals here."

"And will you not join us?" asked Grace in her sweetest manner.

"I should be pleased to," he answered simply and turned away to talk with her father.

Robert came to supper and the only changes he had made in his toilet were the removal of his slouch hat and the addition of a rough sack coat. But he was nowise embarrassed. He certainly talked well, and Grace saw that her father was greatly taken with him.

Robert went away early, knowing they were tired and presumably sleepy. As the sound of his footsteps died on the gravel walk the capitalist turned to his daughter.

"Seems a little different, doesn't he?" he asked.

"Different from what, daddy?"

"Why, from the whole tiresome lot of conventional young men."

"He does," said Grace lightly.

There was a pause.

"Aren't you just a little sorry now you refused him?" chuckled the old man.

"This isn't the man I refused," said Grace softly.

The ten days of their stay passed rapidly. Thanks to the preparations made by Robert for their coming the roughness of camp life was greatly softened. He had worked like a Trojan to make them comfortable. He had actually brought water in sluice pipes from a spring in the mountain side and fitted up a rude but very serviceable bathtub in the cottage for the use of Grace. In fact, she heard of his energy and industry on every hand. And she noticed, too, that her father leaned upon him more and more.

Once she took her parent to task a little for absorbing so much of Robert's leisure time.

"The boy is full of business," said her father shortly. "He's carrying a big load here, and there's no shifting it till Ingersoll comes back. I've been doing what I can to lighten it a little."

Whenever she saw Robert he was in his rough and ready mining garb—stall-wart, sunburnt, sinewy. He never alluded to his clothes, and Grace came to believe that he never thought of them. He was always at ease in her presence, and yet, strange to say, paid her no compliments, a fact which seemed all the more remarkable when she glanced in her little mirror and saw the pleasing effects of the pure mountain air and the simple, wholesome diet.

She couldn't understand it.

Had he—had he ceased to care for her? and she whispered this contingency with a sinking heart. Had she, like the ignorant Ethiope, thrown away her pearl? Had this splendid, unconventional fellow quite outworn her earlier fascinations? It sadly looked like it.

Then came the day of their departure, and still Robert hadn't spoken. But along in the early morning he said to her:

"Shall we take a farewell look together at the happy valley?"

So they walked up the hillside path a short distance to a wooded plateau that overlooked the valley and its foaming stream for many miles. Robert had made

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Sweetest thing that can be seen
Is a baby, fresh and clean.
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Need pure soap to wash them in.
Nurse and mother must be sure
Baby's bath is sweet and pure.
Free from grease or alkalis;
Ivory Soap their want supplies.

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Mr. Frank Pierce is home for a vacation.
Mr. Horatio Hanson has gone to his daughter's at Waltham and we hope his health will improve.

Mr. Spratt Meek has just returned from Seattle, where he has been engaged in business for two years.

Miss Annette Frizelle sang very acceptably at Mrs. Herbert Locke's afternoon at the Old Belfry Club House, Thursday, Jan. 11.

Rev. Mr. Cochran preached Sunday morning, his subject being "Looking forward" and the discourse was appropriate for the New Year.

The Follen Guild has issued a printed bill of fare for the year 1900, and judging by the leaders and their subjects it gives promise of most excellent forthright meetings on alternate Sunday evenings.

Sunday evening Miss Alice Locke was leader of the Guild meeting. Her theme was "Our hope for the future," and it was an excellent paper, full of hope. Her helpers were Misses Florence Kaufmann, Corinne Locke, Eleanor Worthen, Mr. George Foster, Rev. Mr. Cochran.

Mrs. Roberts, of Arlington, gave a reception for Miss Annette Frizelle, of our village, at her home last Saturday evening. Miss Annette Frizelle, Mrs. James H. Frizelle and Mrs. Roberts received the guests and the program consisted of a fine musicale in which Miss Frizelle took part. All had a delightful time.

The annual "Gentlemen's Night," reception and supper, by the Friday Club, was a pleasant social welcome for the New Year. It took place at Madam Locke's residence, Friday evening, and she was assisted by Mrs. A. Bradford Smith. After enjoying a short time in sociability, about thirty were seated at the dining tables. The divine blessing was invoked by Mrs. Cochran and then Mrs. Blanchard read a bright, original poem of welcome, which was heartily applauded. The menu was tomato soup, crackers and jelly, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, with mashed potatoes, squash and macaroni, with cheese, hot rolls, coffee, ice cream and sherbet, with assorted cake and fruit. During the evening the guests were refreshed with delicious frappe, candy, salted peanuts, crackers and cheese. After the physical man had been strengthened, the roll was called and each member responded with a memory gem appropriate for the New Year. Miss L. M. Brigham read a paper on Elizabeth and Robert Browning and then we listened to piano selections from Mr. Quincy Blanchard and Miss Henrietta Locke. Mr. Fabius Blanchard sang a solo with pleasing effect, Mrs. Blanchard read "Peter Mulrooney and the Black Filley," the piece being finely interpreted and very amusing. The matching advertisement game was entered into with much spirit and if our listening ears heard aright, Mr. Frank Locke was the most successful, having the greatest score. All were home-ward bent ere the wee small hours of morning, after having been fed physically and intellectually.

Died in Whitinsville, Mass., Jan. 8, 1900, Mr. Carlton A. Childs, of East Lexington, aged 34 years, 7 mos. and 18 days.

Mr. Carlton A. Childs was born in East Lexington, May 20, 1865, and was the second son of Augustus and Eliza Ann (Blodgett) Childs. He attended our schools and also the High school and early manifested an interest in the stage and enjoyed music, but his father seemed to imperatively need his help in the store and post-office and he relinquished his hope, at least partially, of becoming an actor and followed the dictates of duty. After his father's death, nearly five years since, he became post-master and engaged in the grocery business, but his heart still yearned for the stage and last summer he played with the "Effie Carlton Red Letter Day Company," a travelling troupe, and was in Maine several weeks. Last fall he decided to go with this company on their travelling tour, and if he found it, after trial, advantageous and congenial, to make it a permanent vocation. He had acted with the company in many towns and cities in this and other states, but a few weeks since he was taken ill with typhoid fever at Whitinsville, Mass., and was obliged to remain there with strangers; but he was kindly ministered to and had excellent doctoring and nursing and it was thought he would recover, until last week, when a change came and he died on Monday, away from home, which made it doubly sad. The great kindness of the family, doctor and nurse, who were all strangers, deserve special mention and also some of the residents of Whitinsville manifested the true Christ spirit by visible tokens of interest in Mr. Childs and all speak of his patient endurance and thoughtfulness of others. His funeral occurring on Thursday afternoon, at the church, was too late for us to give an account in this issue, which we will next week. As an old friend of Mr. Childs and in view of his being so strongly

O. W. Whittemore, Arlington, and L. G. Babcock, Lexington, druggists, guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for colds, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.

—Miss Helen Atwell will entertain the H. O. P. Club at Robbins Spring Hotel, on the evening of Jan. 19th.

—Mrs. Learned, the mother of Mr. G. H. Averill, had a painful accident on Tuesday, when she fell on the ice and broke her wrist.

—Monday evening Miss Mabelle Perry entertained a small party of friends at her home on Florence avenue. It was a charming dish party.

—Tuesday Capt. Pope was in town on one of his welcome visits to friends here. He makes his home with his son, Dr. Lemuel Pope, of Portsmouth, N. H.

—Mrs. Ingleton Schenck entertained the Sunshine Club Wednesday afternoon. Her sister, Mrs. Herbert Brown, of Boston, was included among those present.

—At the meeting of the H. O. P. Club with Miss Mabelle Perry, on Friday evening of last week, the prizes in the game of whist were awarded to Miss Alice Haskell and Mr. James Bull.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. Warren Choate, who were recently married, will be at home to their friends after Jan. 24th, at 405 Newbury street, Boston. Mr. Choate is quite well known here. He married a Miss L. Eveline C. Hardy of Hyde Park.

—The attendance at the meeting of Circle Lodge, on Friday of last week, was rather small. Following the business meeting, there was a program of popular selections, given by means of the phonograph.

—Messrs. Kendall, Schnetzer and White give their second dancing assembly on Friday evening, Jan. 26. Subscription tickets are now ready for distribution at seventy-five cents each.

—Miss Ring is back at the Sanitarium after a long season spent with New York friends and is feeling in excellent health and spirits from the change the trip afforded.

—The Ladies' Aid held its annual meeting at Park Avenue church Tuesday afternoon, and elected officers for the year as follows:—

Prest., Mrs. G. H. Averill; vice prest., Mrs. Geo. R. Dwyer; sec., Mrs. F. M. Goodwillie; treas., Mrs. S. A. Blanchard; work com., Mrs. H. T. Elder, Mrs. C. W. Tukey and Mrs. B. G. Jones; visiting com., Miss Sweet, Mrs. Nourse and Mrs. Dow; entertainment com., Mrs. W. P. Hadley, Mrs. G. M. Bacon, Mrs. C. T. Parsons.

—Capt. Pope has sold the two house lots owned by him on Park avenue to a party whose name we have been unable to learn. Work has already begun on a house to be erected on the same, costing eight thousand dollars. The site is the one on which the house owned by the late Albert Griffiths stood, and which was destroyed by fire some fifteen years ago. Capt. Pope was intending to build a home for himself on the premises, but the death of his wife has interfered with such plans.

—A special song service has been arranged for the evening service at the Arlington Heights Baptist church, Sunday, Jan. 14th, at 7, p. m. The most interesting history connected with some of the favorite hymns will be given. After the story of each hymn has been given, the hymn itself will be sung in the light of its history by the choir or congregation. The story and singing of the following hymns will follow the devotional services:—Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow; Rock of Ages; Oh Thou, My Soul, Forget No More, etc.; All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name; Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays; I'm but a Stranger here, Heaven is My Home; Lead, Kindly Light; He Leadeth Me; Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken; Must I Go, and Empty-Handed; Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus; Just as I am, Without One Plea; Blest be the Tie that Binds; Benediction. All are welcome.

—The parish supper and annual meeting of Park Avenue Cong. church was held at the church Tuesday evening, with a fair number present. As was to be expected, the supper was an excellent one, and fully enjoyed. At the meeting which followed, Mr. F. M. Goodwillie acted as moderator and Mr. Edw. W. Nicoll clerk. Reports from the church, Christian Endeavor Society, Sunday school and Junior C. E. were listened to, all denoting prosperity and an increase in the attendance on all branches of church work. The officers chosen for the current year were as follows:—Moderator, J. C. Holmes; clerk, E. W. Nicoll; treas., G. T. Parsons; collector, H. E. Snow; deacon for two years, Geo. W. Perkins; two new members on standing committee, Mr. Hall and Mr. Wallace; music com., J. R. Mann and G. H. Averill.

The committee on pulpit supply reported, and it was voted to ask Rev. Mr. Taylor, for seventeen years pastor of the Congregational church at Melrose Highlands, to preach here on the Sundays of Jan. 14 and 21.

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Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and by L. G. Babcock, Lexington, druggists.

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Vacation Season is now over
And it is time to be looking for new Foot Wear. Just remember that L. C. TYLER, 646 Massachusetts Avenue, is headquarters for all kinds of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
Shoes for the Ladies
Shoes for the Misses and Children
New lines made to fit the Feet on the New Autopedic Lasts.
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New Goods from \$1.00 up. Do not go to Boston until you call in and see what we can show you. Also gentle furnishing goods. Pants that will fit the smallest boy or the largest man. Your shoes repaired by a most competent workman.

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Your old records exchanged. Price two dollars per dozen.
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FOWLES BLOCK, MASS. AVENUE

Robbins Spring Hotel.
The hotel has quite a family party of guests now enjoying its hospitality and the winter season is proving a successful one, as far as patronage is concerned. There are no special events or attractions going on, but the various diversions which the house affords are enjoyed in a quiet way.
The gentlemen are talking of organizing a pool tournament to give zest to the playing in the billiard room, which is quite a popular resource.
Recent arrivals at the hotel are as follows: Miss H. B. Hyde, Mrs. A. F. Hyde, of Boston, arrived last Friday; others here are Mrs. C. H. Verner, Miss Gertrude Verner, of Brookline; Miss Louisa A. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Filene, Mr. Bertham Filene, Miss Katherine Filene, of Boston; Miss L. N. Jones and maid, of Jamaica Plain.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known.—J. A. DODGEN, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by O. W. Whittemore, Arlington, and by L. G. Babcock, Lexington, druggists.

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Put on Too Much Steam and These Minute Organisms Go on Strike. Why Men Go Crazy or Become Absentminded.

Keeping pace with scientific thought and progress certain problems which in the past have been shelved for want of light being thrown upon them have been taken up again one by one to undergo further examination by the aid of improved science.

The newest revelation in this direction tends to the science of the mind and includes the following problems:

Why does a man act queerly when he is intoxicated?

Why is a man absentminded on occasions?

Why does a man sometimes become violently insane, often a dangerous, raving lunatic?

Such questions as these have puzzled our immediate fathers, who have hardly ever satisfactorily explained them away or indeed thrown much reliable light upon them. The human brain is composed of cells, and each cell is a simple bit of nerve substance, from one end of which, like an octopus, spring a number of tentacles, while from another part arises an arm different from them and of great length. The long arm is intended for transmitting impressions from one portion of the brain system to another, it being made to touch the tentacles or short arms of the next one to it, the latter in its turn effecting contact with a third cell, and so on.

Thus a message is conveyed and the mind gets its news. The entire brain is made up of these cells, whose number is legion and whose full strength is grouped in systems, these systems in turn being arranged in communities, the communities in clusters and finally the clusters in constellations, by which divisions they are known to physiologists.

So long as the mind is in a healthy condition each little cell, or brain octopus, attends to its business faithfully and gives no trouble, but as man generally is an animal who usually refuses to live the life spanned out by nature and adopts instead the life laid down by the modern artificial process of living, instituted forthwith by civilization, mental disturbances frequently arise through the brain becoming abused in various ways, from overwork and alcohol principally.

Your octopuslike brain cell is a living little thing, and it can endure a great deal of abuse from you, but if you should go a little too far it rebels and refuses to work any longer by breaking contact with its companion cells, which it can do by withdrawing its long arm and getting itself out of circuit. But this rebellion is conducted by whole groups of cells acting together in full harmony.

Now, the object of this "strike" is simply to avoid overwork, for each tiny cell has stored within its minute space only a certain amount of energy, but if you put on the high pressure this is easily consumed by the operation of the brain, and the organism breaks down from exhaustion. Now, take the first of the problems just stated. When a person takes too much to drink, the cells in those patches of the brain that are responsible for the conduct of muscular movement become affected and the man staggers.

When the dose is very large, the cells, which, although stupefied, have tried to keep their master on his legs, now cease working, and the man sleeps like one dead. Finally, if more than enough of alcoholic drink be taken, the effect on the cells is to paralyze them, and the unfortunate man dies.

There is some relation between extraordinary activity of the mind and insanity. Geniuses are apt to exhibit symptoms of mental alienation, and, singularly to relate, their children are usually inferior to those of average men.

For instance, not to go out of England for example, Cromwell was a hypochondriac and had visions, Dean Swift inherited insanity and was himself not a little mad, Shelley was called by his friends "Mad Shelley," Charles Lamb went crazy, Johnson was another hypochondriac, Coleridge was a morbid maniac, Milton was of a morbid turn of mind, nearly approaching insanity (modern ideas of madness are largely formed on the description evolved by his diseased imagination), and Byron said he was visited by ghosts.

This mental alienation occurring in the foregoing cases shows that certain specific groups of brain cells have come under the baneful influence of the guiding spirit called talent or genius, which has used up all the energy stored in each cell and each group of cells, to the detriment of the whole, with the result that their ceasing work has brought about various types of insanity as depicted or, to phrase it more softly, induced disturbance of the mental equilibrium.

The remaining problem is absentmindedness. This is produced by a temporary disjunction of certain groups of cells. A man becomes so absorbed in his study of some particular subject and lends his whole mind to thought that the hard thinking disorganizes the groups of cells employed in the process of reflection, their tentacles being turned all one way, to the detriment of mental action generally, and so the man with the tentacles of his brain cells turned in the one direction passes along the streets lost to all observation or mental conception and does all manner of queer things because he is not conscious of what he is doing.—Pearson's Magazine.

Effect of Altitude.

Perhaps in no state of the Union has climate so much to do with the character of the people as in Colorado is the contention of a writer in *Ainslee's*. He says in part:

"Go into Colorado, climb the long ascent from the level of the Missouri and then as you emerge from the train into the handsomely improved streets and among the unsurpassed brick and stone residences of Denver feel your head swim with the lofty altitude and the rarefied air; then realize that the miners went on a mile farther into the air, that they are working and taking out millions of dollars of gold to the present day a mile higher in the air at Cripple Creek, at Leadville and a dozen other places. It will make you pause to think what exaltation there is in dwelling there always, what staying powers the pioneers must have had."

"Wait a day or so until the vertigo has passed away and the exhilaration comes to you that always comes when you have climbed a mountain and stood upon its top and gazed out over a wide world that expands below you. Then you will begin to feel that electric, that nervous surcharge, that indomitable, undisconceivable, almost towering spirit of elevation and still further elevation that makes Colorado almost the liveliest, the most irreplaceable, the most determined element in the American body. . . . at and politics."

Siberian Post Horses.

The horses, the small, hardy breed of the steppes, are worked up to the last ounce in them, on good road or bad, and when they reach the welcome post-house are tied up under a mere lean to and there left all in a lather to freeze stiff until their turn of service comes round again. For some reason which I have never been able to ascertain they are invariably tied up with their heads drawn as high as they will go. On taking them out for another stage the driver, whose whip has a sort of saw tooth arrangement affixed to the end on the side of the stock opposite the lash, roughly scrapes off with it the hoar frost which has thickly incrusting their legs and, indeed, their whole bodies.

At first the poor beasts walk with the gait of a Dutch doll, but, as the driver says, he "soon warms them up." Another peculiarity of these marvelous steeds is that they always get a painful or more of ice cold water to drink before starting out for their "trick" on the road, with the result that they tremble all over in a manner pitiable to see, but otherwise seem to be only the more fit for their work.—Blackwood.

His Happy Future.

The Saunterer happened to be dining with a friend the other evening, and of course the table's population included the inevitable 5-year-old boy. The latter had fallen into the habit of asking for all kinds of impossible things, being refused and going howling from the room in obedience to the command. He would re-enter two minutes later with a half dozen dirty streaks and a bright I-accept-your-apology smile on his face.

On this evening, after the third excursion, he suddenly conceived an affection for the sugar bowl. He reached for it, got it and as promptly gave it up in response to the threatening hand of his mother. His father glanced up casually, waiting for the usual outburst before he sent him out, but instead the child's face brightened, and his eyes twinkled with anticipation.

"What are you so glad about, Willie?" asked his father.

"I w-uz thinkin'," answered Willie—"I wuz thinkin' of all the sugar I'm goin' to have when everybody else in this house is dead."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Mountain of Alum.

In China, 12½ miles from the village of Liou-Chek, there is a mountain of alum which, in addition to being a natural curiosity, is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and has a height of 1,940 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes out and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

Monkeys Fearless.

Until a monkey is beaten he has no fear. He would as soon attack a lion as a gnat, and as long as he can look into your eyes he will not submit. He considers himself the master. Avert the head and he gives in. This is a recognized fact among animal trainers. The ringtail monkeys taken about by Italians are very gentle and are never whipped.

A Famous Eagle.

The eagle which originally decorated the stern of the famous schooner yacht *America*, which first won what is now known as the America's cup, is now the sign of the Royal Eagle hotel at Ryde, Isle of Wight, overlooking the scene of the vessel's triumph over her English competitors in 1851.

Warlike Boys.

All boys in the Malagasy schools are enrolled as spearmen when they have passed a certain standard. They are so adept with this weapon that at close quarters they are more to be feared than the regular troops armed with rifles and bayonets.

It is said that the first weeping willow in England was planted by Alexander Pope, the poet.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into 200 languages and dialects.

Boston & Maine Railroad.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Winter arrangement, October 2.

LEAVE Boston FOR Reformatory Station, at 6.25, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.30, a. m.; 12.25, 4.15, 6.00 p. m. Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.06, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 6.25, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. Return at 6.35, 7.05, 8.35, a. m.; 12.30, 4.30, 6.05, p. m.; Sunday 8.50, a. m.; 4.06, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.25, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.50, 10.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 4.30, 6.05, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.46, 6.46, 7.16, 7.46, 8.21, 9.50, a. m.; 12.42, 2.00, 3.36, 4.3, 6.26, 9.00, p. m.; Sunday, 9.05, a. m.; 12.40, 2.00, 4.16, 5.55, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.32, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.20, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 7.56, 8.30, 8.45, 9.59, 11.10, a. m.; 12.09, 12.51, 2.09, 3.45, 4.15, 4.39, 5.10, 6.38, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09, p. m.; Sunday, 9.14, a. m.; 12.49, 2.14, 3.30, 4.25, 6.04, 8.15, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.30, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.34, 8.04, 8.36, 8.53, 10.07, 11.19, a. m.; 12.18, 1.01, 2.18, 3.54, 4.23, 4.46, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.18, p. m.; Sunday, 9.24, a. m.; 12.58, 2.28, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.25, 6.42, 7.01, 7.17, 7.31, 7.46, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.04, 5.17, 5.32, 5.47, 5.55, 6.04, 6.17, 6.34, 7.07, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. Return at 5.35, 6.13, 6.43, 7.19, 7.12, 7.39, 7.42, 8.01, 8.09, 8.17, 8.40, 9.00, 10.12, 11.34, 12.23, 1.06, 2.23, 3.59, 4.28, 4.51, 5.34, 5.46, 6.30, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 11.23, p. m.; Sunday, 9.30, a. m.; 1.08, 2.28, 3.17, 4.40, 6.21, 8.31, p. m.

LEAVE Arlington FOR Lowell at 6.50, 10.39, a. m.; 4.05, 6.02, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7.06, 10.53, a. m.; 4.20, 6.15, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington at 6.42, 9.15, a. m.; 3.00, 5.44, p. m.

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SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

Arlington Heights to Bowdoin Sq.—(4.30 via Beacon st.), 5.01, a. m., and intervals of 8, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.23, p. m. SUNDAY—6.01, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.18, p. m. NIGHT SERVICE—(12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, 5.30 a. m.; Sunday), a. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway.—5.49 a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.12, p. m. (11.30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—7.49 a. m., and intervals of 15 and 30 minutes to 10.46, 11.02, p. m. (11.30 to Adams sq.)

Stops as follows: Park ave., Lowell st., Appleton st., Forest st., Hobbs court, Braintree street, Walnut street, Mt. Vernon street, Grove street, Schouler court, Bartlett avenue, Jason and Mill streets, Central and Academy streets, Water street, Pleasant street railroad crossing, Medford street, Franklin street, G. A. R. Hall, Wyman street, Tufts street, Winter street, Marathon street, Hender son street, Lexington avenue, Tannery street, No. Cambridge railroad crossing, No. Cambridge car house.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at office of Supt. of Transportation, 101 Milk street, Room 701.

Information in regard to routes and connections with other roads cheerfully given by telephone.

C. S. SERGEANT, Second Vice Pres. January 6, 1900.

Arlington and Winchester STREET RAILWAY.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15 and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5.45, 7.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45, p. m.

Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Arlington Centre at 8.45, 9.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.45, p. m., then 11.20, p. m.

Leave Winchester Square at 9.05, 9.45, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.05, p. m., then 11.45.

Arlington Fire Alarm Box Locations.

- Jason Street.
- Corner Henderson and Sawin Streets.
- Corner Mass. Avenue and Teal Street.
- Corner Mass. Avenue and Lake Street.
- Corner Mass. Avenue and Linwood Street.
- Lake Street, opposite D. Wyman's house.
- Union Street, opposite Fremont.
- No School.
- Junction Broadway and Warren Street.
- Beacon Street, near Warren.
- On Wm. Penn Hose House.
- Corner Medford Street and Lewis Avenue.
- Corner Mystic and Sumner Streets.
- Mystic Street, near Fairview Avenue.
- Pleasant Street, near Lake Street.
- Corner Pleasant and Gray Streets.
- Wellington and Addison Streets.
- On Town Hall—Police Station.
- Russell Street, corner Russell Terrace.
- Academy Street, near Maple.
- Corner Mass. Avenue and Mill Street.
- Mass. Avenue, near Schouler Court.
- Corner Sumner and Grove Streets.
- On Highland Hose House.
- Brattle Street, near Dudley.
- Junction of Mass. Avenue and Forest Street.
- Concent Hill—Washburn Avenue.
- Brickett Chemical Kagine House.
- Corner Florence and Hillsdale Avenues.

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The Old Man Had Changed.

A Lancaster county man once came to a Philadelphia portrait painter with a request that he paint a picture of his father. "Very well," said the artist; "have the old gentleman come in when next in town, and I will give him a sitting." The man replied: "He can't do dot; he is dead."

"Oh, well, then, you have a photograph of him?"

"No, I don't got no fottoğraf of him elder."

"Well, how do you expect me to paint the portrait of your father when I cannot see him and have nothing to give me an idea of his appearance?"

"Vell," he replied, "I dinked maybe of I dolt you about him you gan baint him from dot."

"All right," said the artist, "describe him."

"Vell, my fadder was not so dall und not so short, he vas not fat und not so din." And so the honest fellow proceeded to describe his father as he recalled him.

The artist undertook to paint the picture, and in due course it is completed, and the Lancaster county man comes in to view the results of the artist's efforts. As the canvas is disclosed he gazes long and reverently upon the picture of his departed parent. Then he feelingly remarks: "Yah, dot is mine fadder! Mine fadder vat I loafed so much! But ach himmel, fadder, how you haf changed!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Beautiful System.

The Memphis Scimitar tells of a recent bride whose husband noticed that she was keeping an itemized account of the household expenses. In looking it over one day he noticed at the bottom of each page or two the letters "D. K. W." This somewhat puzzled him. He really found it very difficult to keep from thinking about what these letters could possibly mean. It occurred to him that possibly his wife was saving out some money to buy something for him. But then he knew that his initials were not "D. K. W." and this did not prove a satisfactory solution to the matter.

So one day when his wife was in a real good humor he took her in his arms and asked what she meant by "D. K. W. 50 cents," "D. K. W. \$1" and the like.

She replied: "D. K. W." stand for "don't know what." Whenever I went to balance my account at the end of each page and found I had spent money for which I could not account, I just put in a sufficient amount, with the item "D. K. W.," to make it balance just exactly."

Fast Driving in Russia.

In the larger cities of Russia there is no limit to the speed at which a horse may be driven through the public streets. The typical harness horse is the Orloff, a breed founded by Count Orloff-Chemenski, being a cross between the Arabian stallion Smetanka and imported mares, principally English.

An average roadster is 16 hands high and weighs 1,100 pounds, with heavy mane, a bushy tail that reaches nearly to the ground and "iron" limbs that show great muscular development. The favorite color is gray. Such an animal is driven through the principal streets of St. Petersburg at a furious pace, that portion near the center and beside the surface car tracks being reserved for fast driving.

During the winter months teams of two and three abreast are driven to sleighs at a three minute gait. There is racing all winter, the courses being flooded at night to provide three inches of solid ice. American pneumatic sulkeys, harness, boots, galting appliances, etc., are in general use.

Lord Lansdowne Visits Turner.

No one was admitted to Turner's house in Queen Anne street unless specially invited. There was a sort of little iron grille in the center of the front door, through which the old housekeeper used to look and see who was there. As an example of the rarity of visitors the late Lord Lansdowne, who was a great lover of art and a friend of Turner's, told me that after receiving no answers to his letters he resolved to beard the lion in his den. He therefore went and knocked at the door, when a shock head appeared at the iron grating, and its owner called out, "Cat's meat, I suppose?"

"Yes, cat's meat," answered his lordship and squeezed himself in.—"Milla's Life of Turner."

The Aged Minister.

If his work be in a city church, it is a grave question whether any minister can now discharge it with efficiency who is much above 50 years of age. The multitude of details in a city parish, the excitement of the life, the severe demand upon the mind and the heavy burden of responsibility call for a man in the prime of life, with an alert intellect and an unfailing body.—Ian Maclaren in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Took Their Places.

Here is a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated "brogue" which he loved to employ: "I was down in Cork holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said, 'Gintlemen av the jury, ye'll take yer accustomed places, if ye please.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock."

An Unknown Hero.

La Gaceta, published in Guadalajara, part in English and part in Spanish, prints in a prominent place the following:

A GARD. Will the gentlemen who embraced my wife at the entrance to the garden about 5 o'clock Thursday evening please send me the photograph they gave me of "them" by the next day please. A. L. —Mexico Two Republics.

Nast, Conkling and Curtis.

It is to be suspected that some of Tom Nast's wittiest work with his marvelous pencil was "printed, not published"—was intended simply to gratify his friends—and never met the eyes of the general public. Not long ago, in looking over the album of a lady who for years was a social leader at Washington, I came across a contribution of Nast's which was as effective in its way as any of the cartoons which have made his name famous.

He wanted to impress upon the lady that Washington life had been too

EASY LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

When the Family Is Broke, the Wife Digs a Little Gold.

"When I was in the Olancho district, in Nicaragua," said a visitor who is largely interested in mining in Central America, "I had an opportunity of seeing how the lazy natives tap nature's till when they need some small change."

"Near our camp by the river was a hut occupied by a typical Honduran family, consisting of husband and wife, grandfather and grandmother and a dozen or so of assorted children. The only one of the crowd who did anything except rest and smoke was the wife. At intervals of perhaps a week she would sally out with the family tinpan, erstwhile used for cooking, and proceed to an old placer digging on the river bank. There she would squat, throw a few gourdfuls of dirt into the pan, fill it with water and begin the usual circular motion of gold washing."

"She was very skillful and would keep a little sheet of dirty water spraying over the edge like a miniature cataract. When the water was exhausted, a few spoonfuls of sand would be left in the bottom of the pan, and, spreading it out with a bit of stick, she would go over it grain by grain, looking for 'color.' Whenever she saw a speck of gold she moistened the stick on her tongue and picked up the particle by adhesion. Each bit of the precious metal was stored away in a quill, plugged with clay at the ends, and I have known her to take out as much as a quarter of an ounce in the course of one day."

"Usually her limit was about \$2, and when she got that she stopped. Then the head of the house would arise languidly and start for the nearest store, 12 miles away. Sometimes he would trade the whole amount for whisky; but, as a rule, he brought back tobacco, salt, meal or calico."

"There are hundreds of native families who live in exactly that manner in Olancho. Sometimes the woman will be lucky enough to strike a rich pocket that will yield a dollar or more a pan, but they never dream of washing it out at once and getting a stake. It simply means that they can secure their usual amount with less work."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TWO BLUFFS THAT WON.

A Pleasant Meeting Between the Editor and the Reporter.

Jack Rogers was a newspaper reporter and broke. He had hung around the Dubuque newspaper offices for a job until he had been requested to move on. So he decided to move on to Des Moines. But how to get there was the question. Jack put on his thinking cap, and the result was that two hours later he found himself on a train and the conductor standing by his seat.

"Ticket?" said the conductor. "See here, conductor," said Jack easily. "My name's Rogers, and I'm a reporter on the Des Moines Air Blast. I'm broke and I'm in a hurry to get back home with a big scoop. You let me ride and the office'll fix it up with you. See?"

"Well," said the conductor, "I guess that'll do all right. The road feels friendly toward The Air Blast. In fact, the editor is in the back coach. Come along and I'll introduce you. If he says you're all right, it goes."

Jack was knocked all in a heap at the turn of things had taken, but he had nothing to do but to follow the conductor. They halted in front of a man in the coach, and the conductor said:

"Mr. Snittem, this is Mr. Rogers. He says he's a reporter on your paper, and wants the office to pay for his transportation when he gets to Des Moines."

"How do you do, Mr. Rogers?" said the editor pleasantly, extending his hand. "Glad to see you. Sit down here with me." The conductor didn't wait for any more, but went off.

"Well, this is nice of you," said Jack, too astonished and embarrassed to talk straight. "Of course, I'm not on your paper, but I'm broke and yanked to the conductor, hoping to get a job and square it up later."

"Oh, that's all right, my boy," said the other. "Neither am I on the paper. I'm only riding on the editor's pass."—San Francisco Bulletin.

EGGS BY QUART.

White or Mixed in This Way of Marketing "Hen Fruit."

"Give me a quart of yolks." "What are whites worth today?" "Send me up a gallon of mixed."

Such expressions as these will be familiar terms in grocery stores and butcher shops in Kansas City before long. Housewives will make them so, for eggs will be sold by the pint, quart and gallon instead of by the dozen. In fact, the big confectionery establishments of the city buy them by the gallon now. Kitchen economy suggested the scheme, and local packers immediately took it up.

How often it is that a cook will break a dozen or more eggs in order to get the yolks to make a cake. The whites will be thrown away, or vice versa. Why not make a saving of the whites or yolks, as the case may be? was suggested. The packers put the question to the confectioners, and the latter saw the point. Now, when a confectioner wants to make stuff with the yolks he sends to a packing house and buys yolks by the gallon. If he wants to use the whites for something, he sends for them. If he wants to use both, he sends and gets a mixed can. It is predicted that housewives will soon adopt the same method.

With this new system of handling "hen fruit," there is absolutely no loss. The eggshells are even used. They are ground up and sold for chicken feed.—Kansas City Times.

An Ancient Coin.

One of the prized curios of the Philadelphia mint is a coin which is 2,000 years old and which was coined at the ancient mint of that other Philadelphia of the far east mentioned in the Bible. It is still in good condition, and the inscription is perfectly legible. The design on the face of the coin bears a striking resemblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own currency, and underneath is the one word "Demos," which means "the people." On the other side is the figure of Diana, with her bow arched, and the inscription, "Diana, Friend of the Philadelphians." When this coin was struck off, Philadelphia was the most important city of Lydia. The prize was picked up in Europe by Joseph Mickley, a celebrated Philadelphia violin maker and numismatist of high repute, who presented it to the mint.—Philadelphia Record.

Aptly Designated.

Robert Hilliard, the actor, once brought a young English woman to see "El Capitan." She was much impressed with De Wolff Hopper and remarked: "What a charming man your Mr. Hopper is! Tell me, is he married?"

"Been married three times," was the reply.

"Three times?" she repeated. "And they are all three dead?"

"No," was the answer; "divorced."

"Ah," she rejoined, "I see! He is a Grass Hopper."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Wood Tar.

Wood tar is still made as it was in 400 B. C. A bark is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels to receive it.

Altruism.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday?

He—No; I'm saving those for my friends.

She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!—Ohio State Journal.

Cupid in a Huf.

"Our engagement is off again."

"What's the matter now?"

"I gave her a belt buckle with my photograph on it, and she uses it to fasten her dog's collar."—Chicago Record.

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He Would Know More.

An exceedingly well dressed woman sat in an elevated railway car the other day, and opposite her was an elderly man. The woman got up to leave the car, and in the corner of the seat where she had been sitting the man spied a piece of black net. Jumping for it, he called out:

"Madam, you have left your veil!" As she took no notice of him he dashed down the aisle after her, and, touching her on the elbow again, said: "Madam, you have left your veil."

At the same time holding it up in full view of all.

"It is a frowsy, frayed, torn piece of black cotton net," she snapped out, giving him a withering look, and the obliging old man shrank back as if he had been jabbed with a batpin, while the passengers grinned.

"Why was she so mad about it?" he asked in a dazed way as he laid the homely little rag on the window sill.

"I guess you never paid for a woman's finery," said another man.

"That's so," said the withered one in a hopeless tone. "I am a bachelor. Perhaps I'd know more if I'd married."

"You would that," said the other feelingly.—New York Tribune.

Resting the Muscles.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example.

Birds spread their feathers and also yawn, or gape. Fowls often do this. Fish yawn; they open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen, and the gills open.

Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws, as every one knows who has a cat for a pet.

Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not, as a rule, on all fours.

A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his fore foot out and hollows his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar.

Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly; so do cows. This fact is so well known that if a cow, when arising from lying down, does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill.

The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there be any injury anywhere it hurts.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Measuring a Tree.

Supposing a woodchopper in the Maine forest is told to get out a mast for a yacht. He knows that he must find a tree which is straight for 60 feet below the branches. It would be very troublesome to climb trees and measure them with a tape measure, so he, without knowing it, uses practical trigonometry. He measures off 60 feet in a straight line from the tree, and then he cuts a pole, which, when upright in the ground, is exactly as tall as himself. This he plants in the earth his own length from the end of his 60 feet.

For example, if he is six feet tall, he plants his six foot pole 54 feet from the tree. Then he lies down on his back, with his head at the end of the line and his feet touching the pole, and sights over the top of it. He knows that where his eyes touch the tree is almost exactly 60 feet from the ground.—Weekly Bouquet.

Filial Love.

That's a pathetic story of the Gourdon fishing boat crew. No class of men face death more frequently than the hardy fisher toilers of the sea, and among none is a genuine heroism more frequently displayed.

The Gourdon boat was manned by a father and his four sons. When the boat sank, three of the latter went with her. The old man got an oar, and soon the fourth son appeared by his side. But the oar could only support one, and the lad, taking in the situation at once, bade his parent farewell in the words, "Weel, weel, father, I maun jist awa!" and sank.

Only readers familiar with the northern dialect will fully appreciate the depth of kindly resignation and true feeling which the words denote. The father endured terrible sufferings, but was ultimately picked up. "Greater love hath no man than this,"—Westminster Gazette.

A Natural Cross.

One of the most beautiful natural rock carvings in the world is the Southern Cross, on the island of Grand Manan, in the bay of Fundy. It stands at the head of a ledge of rocks jutting into the bay from the foot of one of the immense cliffs at the southern end of the Grand Manan. Its shape is that of an almost perfect cross.

Professional Jealousy.

"You are nothing but an imitator," said the bluejay, full of wrath at hearing its cry so accurately mimicked.

"All that ails you," airily retorted the mocking bird, "is that you are envious because I can sing your song so much better than you can."—Chicago Tribune.

Did Not Dispute It.

"Your honor," protested the burglar. "I am as honest as the day is long."

"I don't doubt," replied the magistrate, "I understand you fellows transact all your business at night."—Philadelphia Record.

Among every 1,000 bachelors there are 28 criminals. Among married men the rate is only 13 per thousand.

Permeant is a corruption of permeant from the French farce, stuffing, i. e., meat for stuffing.

A Story of John Morrissey.

Henry L. Dawes of Pittsfield, Mass., successor of Charles Sumner in the senate, told the following story:

"When I was a judge in Pittsfield, Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan fought a prize fight at a neighboring place called Boston Corners. Sullivan was arrested and fined \$1,000. He handed over the money and went his way. A day or two later, while I was sitting on the bench, a fine looking man entered the courtroom and sent a letter up to me. It was from a friend of mine introducing John Morrissey. He, too, was fined \$1,000 and said to me that he would send me his check on his return to New York."

"Well, I didn't know what might happen if he was let go on that understanding, but I said to Morrissey that any arrangement for settlement which he made with the sheriff would be satisfactory. The sheriff, feeling as I did, insisted upon having the fine paid in cash, and since Morrissey didn't happen to have that much cash with him the sheriff locked him up until the amount was sent on from New York."

"I fancied that Morrissey felt he owed me a grudge because of this incident. Years afterward in Washington a number of new congressmen were brought up to be introduced to me. Among them was Morrissey. When he came forward, he smiled and said, 'Mr. Dawes, I believe we have met before.'"

She "Sassed" Him.

Some visitors to East Gloucester paid a special call upon the woman said to be the original of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's famous story, "A Madonna of the Tubs." Mrs. Phelps Ward's summer home, he is known, is in East Gloucester. The visitors found a typical New Englander with a self evident capacity for taking care of herself.

"So you are the Madonna of the Tubs?" said the visitors.

"I am," said the New Englander.

"And Mrs. Phelps Ward wrote a beautiful story about you?"

"She did."

"Have you ever met Mrs. Ward?"

"I have. After she wrote that story she came round here one day and hunted me up. She said as how she wanted to see me for herself."

"How interesting?" murmured the visitors. "And what did you do?"

"Do?" repeated the Madonna of the Tubs. "What did I do? I sassed her well for writin such a story as that about me. Such a pack of lies I never read. Why, there wasn't one-half of it true. And she had the face to come and see me afterward! Oh, I sassed her well, I did!"—New York Sun.

Grotesque Spelling.

One of the Boston papers calls attention to this woeful example of bad spelling—and in Boston too! It is from the doorway bulletin board of a little restaurant:

BILL OF FAIR
Open at all Oars.
Bacon Eggs, 15. Ham Eggs, 15.
Corned Beef Cabbage, 10.
Lam Chops, 15. Lam Fries, 15. Stakes, 10.
Liver Baked, 15. Pork Beans, 10.
Chicken Fries, 15.
Puden and Pie, 5.

This reminds the Tales of the Town man of a sign he saw not long ago in the window of a Broadway saloon:

"A ror oster wit evry Drink."

Several months ago there was an announcement laboriously chalked on a St. Clair street sidewalk in front of a beer refectory which read like this: "Fre lunge 11 2 2."

It took the man who saw this some time to figure out that the patron who didn't drop in between 11 o'clock and 2 o'clock would be very apt to miss the free lunch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Needed an Explanation.

Sir John Adye, who was governor of Gibraltar fortress, always made himself closely acquainted with the work of whatever happened to be his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the general asked him what time he was supposed to be on duty.

"Oh," was the reply, "I usually stroll in about 11 or 12 o'clock."

"Stroll in?" said Sir John in a rising tone. "Then I presume you do not leave till late?"

"Well, I usually slip off about 2 o'clock."

"Slip off at 2?" exclaimed the veteran in his topmost note. "Pray, may I ask what department you belong to?"

"Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the clocks." Sir John retreated for the first time in his life.

A Little Too Hot.

Little Janet, aged 4, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves liberally to the mustard. Nobody offering her any, she waited until something drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread with it and took a great bite. Her hand immediately went up to her burned mouth; but, bravely suppressing an outcry, she put the bread away from her, remarking, "I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold."

His Nose For News.

"Henry," whispered the maiden in some embarrassment as they stood in the hallway, where the young and handsome reporter was preparing to say good night. "It's dreadful of me, I know, but I've been eating onions."

"Great Scott, Fannie!" he exclaimed. "You don't think that's a scoop on me, do you? I knew that as soon as I came in."—Chicago Tribune.

Reviving Appreciation.

"What's an octogonarian?" Cousin Martha?

"Well, an octogonarian is a man who hates life when he is 70, but gets proud of himself again at 80."—Indianapolis Journal.

